

Rising up early, the parents trained the child to commit to memory, not simply a Golden Text, but whole chapters of the Bible; not to read a lesson leaf, but a book bearing on the theme. The college professors and presidents, the statesmen and preachers, the men who have moulded society during the past generation, received in their Puritan homes, patient, thorough, and long continued Bible instruction. Daniel Webster tells us that his standard of oratorical excellence was derived from such passages as the eight Psalm, and the fortieth chapter of Isaiah. Carlyle tells us that he owed something to the thorough mastery of about a hundred chapters in the Bible. Ruskin insists that whatever skill in thought or diction he possessed is traceable to the fact that his mother made him commit to memory whole chapters of the New Testament, and many chapters of the Moses, David and Isaiah. But in the stress and haste of modern life the religious instruction of children has sadly suffered. In the morning, business men have no time for the moral training of their children. In the evening they have no strength. On Sunday they excuse themselves on the ground that they leave ethics and religion to the Sunday-school. But the Sunday-school hour is almost entirely given up to singing and general exercises. In the end, therefore, the child gets almost no moral instruction. Parents who would scorn the idea of farming the child out to a wet nurse physically, have no hesitancy in farming out the child morally. Multitudes of children are spiritual orphans. For sustenance they are dependent upon the kindness of persons who are willing for 'sweet charity's sake,' to teach neglected children an hour each Sunday. Men who would not think for a moment of allowing a neighbor to shape their boy's idea of commerce, have no hesitancy in giving the training of conscience and the moral sentiments to any stranger into whose class the child may chance to be placed. Naturally, the decline of moral instruction is followed by a decline in moral leadership. Even Huxley, in his plea for a study of the Bible, finds the explanation of the lessening number of great men, in the lessened interest in these great religious themes that feed greatness and heroism in the human heart.—Pres. Witness.

Jack's Experiment.

'Oh, dear! I wish I could fly,' said Jack, coming in from school. 'The sun is so hot coming up that hill, and it's dreadfully tiresome to walk.'

'It is a great deal more tiresome not to be able to walk,' answered grandma, looking down on her rheumatic feet as they rested on a cushion.

'And since you are not a bird, but a boy, you'd better try to be as good a boy as possible, and stop wanting so many things that you cannot have,' remarked his mother. 'Now run out and bring me an armful of wood, Jackie, for the kitchen fire is nearly out.'

'That is always the way when I wish for anything,' muttered Jack for the edification of the wood pile. 'I musn't wish for riches or wings or anything else, but just plod along and be contented. I don't see how a fellow can be contented when he doesn't have anything to make him so.'

Over the fence fluttered a square of paper, and the breeze bore it to Jack's feet, while the man who was scattering handbills passed up the street. Jack's quick eye caught the flaunting letters, and he picked up the notice.

'Oh, mother, there's going to be a balloon

ascension at the fair this week, in the vacant lot next the fair ground. May I go? It's on Saturday,' he said, as he carried in the wood.

'Yes, I suppose so. I'm glad they have chosen Saturday, for the sake of all the children in the neighborhood,' answered his mother, busy over the fire.

'Going up in a balloon would be pretty near like flying. Maybe you can get a chance, Jackie,' suggested his little sister, mischievously.

'Wouldn't I like to try it!' exclaimed Jack. 'Can I, if I have a chance, mother?'

'There wouldn't be much danger in consenting to that, I fancy,' laughed his mother. 'You will not be likely to have a chance until you have grown considerably older and wiser than you are now.'

The fair had little attraction for Jack that Saturday afternoon in comparison with the field adjoining. All his interest centred there, and he was on the ground so early and lingered so persistently, that when the crowd of spectators gathered at the appointed hour he was in the inner circle and one of the nearest to the silken air bubble. Every item of preparation had a charm for him, however impatient others grew. When at last all was ready the manager of the air chariot asked if any one wished to accompany him on his excursion. A man stepped forward, and then Jack pressed up eagerly, 'I'd like to go. Please let me.'

If Jack's sister or any of his companions had been near, there would doubtless have been remonstrances enough to quickly spoil the plan, but they had lingered longer over the attractions of the booths and stalls, and had reached the field only in time to view the proceedings from the outskirts of the crowd. No one was near who knew him, but a bystander endeavored to dissuade him.

'Oh, see here, boy! I don't believe you'd better go. Your folks wouldn't like it, would they?'

'My mother said she didn't think there was much danger in consenting if I had a chance,' answered Jack, telling the truth as far as words went, but with a guilty conscience that he was not giving his mother's meaning.

The aeronaut was not a scrupulous man. If the boy wanted to go and no one objected the responsibility did not rest upon him, he carelessly argued; and he motioned Jack to take a place in the car, with the injunction to 'keep still and not try any nonsense.'

With the aeronaut and his assistant there were now four in the car, and a minute or two later the signal was given, the line cut, and the balloon sailed into the air. The crowd shouted, tossed caps and waved handkerchiefs, but the younger passenger heard one shrill scream of 'Oh, Jackie!' as his little sister saw and recognized him. But it was too late for any one to prevent his going then; and as Jack felt the soaring motion and glanced up toward the name 'Eagle' so gayly painted, his heart bounded.

'Isn't this grand? It is almost like sailing on the back of a great eagle,' he said.

'Yes, it is all very fine just now, but you may think it is something else before you are through with it,' answered the aeronaut grimly. He did not seem inclined to bestow much attention upon his passengers, the elder of whom, indeed, appeared to be a foreigner, who either could not or would not speak English. But Jack contented himself with looking down upon the world below, or what he could see of it. It was very strange to see trees and steeples so far beneath him, and presently to find himself sailing away over a great stream of water. But soon he could see nothing distinctly. It had been late before the 'Eagle' was fully

ready to ascend, and in a short time mists and twilight began to hide the earth. The aeronaut seemed very watchful and busy. He peered downward as if trying to discover where they were, and pulled the rope of the valve. Jack did not know what he was doing, only that they began to descend. Downward they sped until they came near enough the earth to discover a dark mass that looked as if it might be the top of a forest. Then with a muttered exclamation of impatience, the aeronaut turned to his assistant, who threw out ballast and they rose again. It grew cold and dreary in the darkness, his companions were far from pleasant, and he could no longer see anything, Jack supposed he had experienced nearly all the enjoyment to be derived from the trip. Would it not be splendid to tell the boys about it, though?

'When shall we go down?' he asked.

'If you can tell that, young man, you can do more than I can,' answered one of the men, crossly.

Jack did not understand the alternate pulling at the rope and throwing out of sand-bags; he only knew that the balloon now ascended, now descended, pitching and tossing in a strange fashion, while the aeronaut's muttered imprecations grew dreadful to hear. But he gathered from what passed between him and his assistant that something was amiss.

'What is wrong?' he ventured to inquire timidly, at last.

'I've lost control of the wretched thing, and we are more likely to land in another world than we are ever to get back alive to the one we left; that's all, if it's any comfort to you.'

Another world! Jack had never planned for flying there, in his wildest dreaming, and oh, how he shrank from the thought! That was a long, awful night—driven hither and thither, now up, now down, expecting death any moment, and trying confusedly to pray, while his mind wandered longingly to the cozy home he might never see again. Jack never forgot that night. At last, in the gray of the early morning, the 'Eagle' swooped to the earth, and, catching upon a tree, emptied the occupants of the car to the ground. Fortunately they were near a house and were soon found and cared for. All were more or less injured—the aeronaut too severely ever to attempt another voyage; and when Jack found himself at home, bruised and battered, he had no wish to try another flight. In the weary days that elapsed before his broken leg was strong enough to support his weight, he learned that a boy ought to be content with the ability to run about on two feet.—'Morning Star.'

At Set of Sun.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped a soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.
—Am. Paper.